minutes on end. Nothing there—it required exquisite patience. And then, under her very elbow, some one yawned incautiously three times, and said lazily, "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Sophie showed herself her little white teeth in the mirrow, that looked down on her eavesdropping. Her nimble mind drew a picture: it would be a big bare room, with a lazy man in a blue uniform, with receivers strapped to his ears, seated at a desk; and this police ear grafted to her wire would always be attentive.

Once Sophie was rewarded by hearing a door open, in that vague room. Again she heard the tread of feet; then the murmur of cautious voices. But it was the ticking of a clock—two of them, in fact—that pleased her most of all. How like a stupid cop, to lie in wait breathless at the mouthpiece of a microphone, with a blatant clock at his elbow! Sophie giggled.

THE end of the fourth week found Parr yawning and scowling.

"The damned thing is frozen—rolid!" he muttered, settling himself heavily in his favorite elbow chair by Armiston's desk.

Armiston said nothing. It wasn't frozen, to him. It was merely that the element of time has entered in. This yarn had "written itself," as he would say professionally. He had merely brushed the tips of his clairvoyant fingers, invoked the oracular keys of his faithful typewriter, and the congealed action which Parr had laid at the feet of his Medicine had straightway come to life. He had written Finis, and locked his typewriter, and packed for Lakewood. Then he waited for his friend Parr to call on him.

Leaning back in his chair Armiston idly tinkered with the needle of some electrical contrivance. The grandfather clock ticked, the fire crackled, and the Deputy scowled misanthropically at the fat Buddha in the sorner. The needle Oliver held in his hands made a spontaneous gesture. It swung over to the middle of a calibrated arc—and stayed there, as if intent on something. Armiston, with a yawn, set the thing down, and presently picked up the telephone. He rested on one elbow, watching his friend Parr while he waited.

"Rotten service!" he mumbled, after a long wait. Parr nodded gravely.

"Parr," said Oliver abruptly, over the top of the telephone, "have you made any effort to find the husband? He's the one that squealed, of course. I suppose the poor devil got tired of hiding out."

The effect of these words, or rather of this act, on the Deputy of Police was electric. He reached out with one gorilla-like hand and snatched the telephone from Oliver's grasp.

"Was she on there?" he demanded.

"Certainly," said Oliver easily.

He pointed to the electric needle, trembling over the middle of the card. That telltale needle gave warning every time a receiver was lifted off its hook in No. 142. To the two watchers at that moment, that tremulous needle personified the woman herself, the eavesdropper, probably at that instant cocking her pretty head with the swift movement of a startled doe.

"So you tip her off—under my nose, eh? Eh!" snarled Parr.

Oliver continued to watch the spying needle on his desk. Abruptly, as if released by an unseen force, it flopped back to zero, nothing, on the calibrated scale. It was as significant as the strap of a dry twig. The lurker was withdrawing, on tiptoe.

Parr jammed his hat down, and rushed from the room.

While the Lakewood train was picking its way across the drawbridges that span the estuaries of Newark Bay, the Dresden china widow was rolling over hill and dale to Byam, a little lake among the hills where her stylish hackneys were acquiring winter coats and new hoofs in drowsy ease. On the spur of the moment this morning she had thought of her beloved horses, with a tinge of self-accusation. It was honest John Hanrahan, the red-headed mechanic, as usual who conducted her. Some distance behind, coming into sight now and again as her car topped a rise, came on the man in the brown derby, only for this occasion he had discarded his derby for a cap, thrown away his cold cigar and acquired a mustache.

Life had become a bed of thorns for the red-headed mechanic. Perched out there in the open where the widow could watch him breathe wasn't his idea of being a detective. But ahead of him this morning was a taste of paradise. Arriving at the farm, he was waiting in the kitchen, when there entered a pert little French maid, a round pink yerson of Chippendale pattern, on high heels which gave to her walk the tilt of a Gallic poodle.

SOPHIE HANDLED HER TELEPHONE WITH THE UTMOST DELICACY—THEY HAD TAPPED THAT, OF COURSE.

She tripped daintily over to him, sat down on the edge of his bench, and indicated with a propelling shove that he was to move over a little—not too much. She folded her hands primly on her little lace apron, regarded him under her lashes. Then they both fixed their eyes on the woodbox and smiled happily.

An hour later, when his lady upstairs called for her motor, the red-headed mechanic (city-bred) had changed his ideas about the attractions of the country.

As the motor rounded the drive and passed the gate cityward the maid tossed a kiss to the moon-struck sleuth.

IN West Broadway, the elevated trains growl all day and all night, peering in at the upper floors as they pass, where life is frankly uncurtained.

A man in seamy uniform, and a brass-bound cap, with a number, that proclaimed him an elevated motorman, examined doorway after doorway, always with a glance at the upper windows, as he picked his way along the sidewalk. Finally ascending three rickety steps he rang a grimy bell, in response to which there appeared a capacious Sicilian woman, with a baby squatting on one hip. She could understand nothing he said. With a twitch of a shoulder, she conferred upon him the freedom of the house.

On the first landing he picked out a door toward the front of the house and rapped sharply. He listened. Then he rapped again and again, louder and louder. Doors above him opened and shut, but the door he attacked stared at him blankly.

He retraced his steps to the street. At the corner he sighted a policeman.

"What's that?" said the policeman, bending his head to listen. Together they crossed the street.

"There," said the motorman. "I think that man is dead. He's been sitting in that window for thirty-six hours."

He went on to explain that he had passed and repassed that face in the window on his day shifts at the controller of his train—until finally it got on his nerves, so he had come on foot to see what was up. The policeman pushed his way through the halted traffic and stamped up the stairs. He put his shoulder to the door and it fell with a weak splintering crash. The man was dead—quite. The officer threw up a smeared window and blew on his whistle. Shortly other policemen appeared, running. A little while later a black wagon backed up to the door and carried away the man in the chair covered with a horse-blanket. Another wagon bore off the fat Sicilian woman and her baby, and several other terrified denizens of the house. They said he had been a lodger for some months, a poor man, oh, yes, very poor. It was his habit to sit in that window by the hour, by the day sometimes. Had he any friends come to see him? Who could say? The whole world might pass up and down that dingy staircase, without question.

In the little building on the river front at the foot of East 26th Street, where black wagons drive up at all hours of the day and night and deposit burdens covered with horse-blankets, a man stands, smoking, languidly interested. Dead souls come here; they must be inspected, suspected, like any object offered in pawn. Others come here, anxious mothers, brothers, friends, seeking. An attendant pulls out drawer after drawer for their inspection. Sometimes a shriek tells the hangers-on that a quest has ended.

A stocky man, evidently a mason, who had come directly from his work, was whispering to the attendant, trembling. The attendant listened, and nodded. He knew—yes, it was here; and he rolled out a drawer. The mason inclined his head, brushing his eyes with a lime-stained hand. His brother, he said. The attendant made a grimace over his shoulder, and the man with the cigar approached, eyeing the mason with a bleary look. He took out a note book, and they talked in low tones, the policeman making entries as the other answered.

"You will have to be corroborated, of course," said the policeman, not unkindly.

"But why?" ejaculated the mason, horrified. The policeman said he couldn't say why—they had to be careful. The mason produced his union card and other credentials to establish his identity.

THE next day a little funeral party departed from that side-street "parlor," with what pomp the poor may give to their dead. There were four carriages, three of them empty with blinds drawn, and in the first the only mourner, the mason.

On their return, the policeman with the cigar met the foremost carriage—there were some final papers to sign for the records. When the mason stepped down, he looked up and saw they were at the porticoed door of a big building. He drew back involuntarily, but the man with the cigar had a double twist on his coat sleeve.

"Come along quietly, and don't start anything," he said amiably and led the mourner up the stone steps and into a room—a big room—in which sat a man at a desk. The man at the desk was Parr, Deputy Commissioner of Police.

"Ha, ha! At last. Well, how'd it go?" asked Parr, looking up. The mason straightened up, breathing hard.

"Sophie almost got away with it," said Parr—"knocking the old duffer off like that with arsenic in his dope! And turning the stiff over to us to hand out to the first claimant that comes along to identify it—you thought you weren't even taking a chance, didn't you, William?"

It was William, the footman—William redrawn, some lines erased, as plausible as a raised check. He swallowed hard.

Parr pointed to a glass paper weight on his desk.

"Did you ever see that before? Answer me!" he snarled, with sudden ferocity. William looked from Parr to the paper-weight, and back again, but maintained silence.

"What did Amos P. Huntington call himself twelve years ago when he left his finger-prints on that paper weight, in the Park Place murder?"

Parr referred to a crime that had gone down in the annals as a celebrated mystery. It was a mystery no more. The obscure man who was found dead in his chair in West Broadway had the same finger-prints. William did not answer.

"What did you blow up in your rubber plant, William?" asked Parr. "Was it a basket of cats—or dogs—or did you borrow another of your brothers from East 26th Street? Sophie put the remains through the crematory so fast we didn't have a look in."

Parr laughed. So did William. By that laugh Parr knew that questions were useless. At that moment the door opened, and Armiston came in, swinging a stick.

"Take him downstairs!" growled Parr to an attendant. "Charge him with—complicity in the murder of John Doe, alias Amos P. Huntington."

Parr's eyes twinkled. When William had been led out he said to Armiston, with some relish:

"As a matter of fact, Armiston, you